

THE BAPTIST CHURCH
WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA
Sunday Morning, June Twentieth
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX
11:00 O'CLOCK

IN MEMORIAM

DR. T. J. TAYLOR
WHO GAVE FORTY-TWO YEARS
OF FAITHFUL SERVICE
TO THE PEOPLE OF WARREN COUNTY
AS PASTOR AT
WARRENTON, WARREN PLAINS, MACON AND
BROWNS BAPTIST CHURCHES

"I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea Thy law
is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in
the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my
lips, O Lord."

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TO DR. T. J. TAYLOR

FIRE; thine a gleaming, living flame
To take away the things that shame,
To free the gold from all alloy,
To wither, scatter and destroy
The husky chaff of false desire.
His words were such a FIRE.

WATER; gently purling, sparkling draught,
At thy sweet springs but let us quaff,
The parched throat, the fevered brow;
The burning weight 'neath which we bow,
Thy reviving flow will surcease bring.
His gentle touch was such a SPRING.

EARTH; firm and safe beneath our tread,
Confident trust in thee is bred,
Thy fields are green with richest grain,
Thy richness is thy people's gain.
Thy yield is e'er two-fold in girth.
His life was ours as is the EARTH.

AIR; enveloping, invisible power o'er all,
Thy absence is our blackest pall.
A strength greater than countless hoard,
A might greater than flaming sword,
Unseen, yet none thy power will dare.
His spirit was like the AIR.

The elements of life God gave,
He poured them out our souls to save.

Mrs. M. C. WINSTON.

Organ Prelude.

Invocation—Dr. J. T. Gibbs.

Hymn: No. 377—Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Responsive Scripture Reading.

Anthem: Heaven is My Home—J. E. Roberts.

An Appreciation—E. S. Allen.

Memorial Address—Dr. W. R. Cullom.

Solo: Crossing the Bar (Barndy)—J. Edward Rooker Jr.

Address—Rev. E. R. Nelson.

Hymn: No. 325—O Mother dear, Jerusalem!

Tributes:

From Warren Plains Church (Tom B. Weldon),

Macon Church (Rev. J. J. Marshall),

Browns Church (Sam L. Bobbitt),

Warrenton Church (J. Y. Kerr),

Rev. George Tunstall,

Rev. Fred Bobbitt,

Rev. A. P. Mustian,

Dr. J. T. Gibbs.

Hymn: No. 318—Pilgrims of the Night.

Benediction—Dr. W. R. Cullom.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Hymn: No. 377

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING

LED BY DR. W. R. CULLOM

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God: being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God: to declare I say, at this time his righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and

death. For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: And they shall see His face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And the Spirit and the bride say Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.

For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.

Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

ALL: NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, THE ONLY WISE GOD, BE HONOR AND GLORY FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM

Hymn No. 325

O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light,
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The king that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silvery sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees forevermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

Hymn No. 318

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

